

natural medicines among the [258] Savages. One of these is their sweat-box, of which I have spoken above; the second consists in making a slight gash in the part of the body where the pain is, covering it with blood which they make issue from these cuts quite abundantly. They once made use of my pen-knife to cut the head of a child ten days old. The third of these medicines is composed of the scrapings of the inside bark of the birch, at least it seems to be this tree. They boil these scrapings in water, which they afterwards drink to make them vomit. They often wanted me to drink this potion when I was sick, but I did not think it would agree with me.

On the day of saint François Xavier, our pretended Magician began in the evening to beat his drum and to utter his howls as usual; for he did not fail to give us this entertainment every night at our first sleep. I saw that every one was asleep, and, knowing that this poor man made all this racket in order to cure himself, I entered into conversation with him. I began by expressing a great deal of affection [259] for him, and by heaping praises upon him, as bait to draw him into the nets of truth. I made him understand that if a mind as capable of great things as his was, should know God, that all the Savages, influenced by his example, would like to know him also. He immediately began to soar, and to talk about the power, the authority, and the influence he had over the minds of his fellow-savages. He said that since his youth they had given him the name, *Khimouchou-minau*, meaning, "our sire and our master;" that everything was done according to his opinion, and that they all followed his advice. I helped in this